

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

CLINTON T. BRAINARD, President and Editor
 PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY
The Washington Herald Company
 425-427-429 Eleventh Street Phone Main 3300
 L. M. BELL, Publisher
 H. G. BRYANT, Business Manager

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:
 THE HERALD'S SPECIAL AGENCY
 New York, World Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis,
 Post-Dispatch Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
 Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month; \$4.80 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
 Daily and Sunday, 60 cents per month; \$6.50 per year. Daily only,
 50 cents per month; \$5.00 per year.

Entered at the post office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1919.

Ratify the Treaty.

There is a close parallel between ratification of the covenant establishing the league of nations and ratification of our Federal Constitution. Some may not agree with Mr. Gladstone that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." No one, though, will doubt it marked a great advance in human industry. Only the perils and mutual dependence created by the Revolution held the States together under the Articles of Confederation.

If our Federal Constitution had not been adopted, we might have had, instead of our national union, another Europe, cut up into many nations quarreling, and often warring with each other. It must be remembered the thirteen States were then more widely separated from each other, in respect to communication, than are any of the charter members of the league of nations.

The Federal convention which adopted the Constitution and submitted it to the States for ratification embraced the most distinguished and trusted men in our republic. There were Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison and fifty-one others. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were in Europe, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Samuel Adams disapproved of the convention.

When the Constitution was submitted to the States it was assailed with great bitterness. If ratified, it was said, it would rob the people of their liberties. Especially in the great States of Virginia, New York and Massachusetts there were long and bitter contests. The result was in doubt almost to the end, and there was only a narrow margin in favor of ratification.

At the most critical period Washington, who had been chairman of the convention, threw himself into the breach with the inflexible judgment of his which always saw the way to victory. He said:

"The Constitution or disunion are before us to choose from. If the Constitution is our choice, a constitutional door is open for amendments, and they may be adopted in a peaceable manner, without tumult or disorder."

The Constitution was finally ratified. Twelve amendments were submitted by the First Congress, ten of which were adopted.

Those who wish to pursue the subject further will find a most interesting narrative in Fiske's "The Critical Period of American History."

President Wilson says the covenant is the best that can be obtained at this time. This league of nations or international anarchy are before us to choose from. If the covenant is ratified, amendments may be proposed. If we cannot get them adopted, we can withdraw from the league within two years.

Neither the treaty nor the covenant are all we could desire. But they are infinitely better than no league of nations. They are a long step in advance of international anarchy. For that reason, if none other, they should be ratified.

Each nation was sure that God was fighting on its side, but oddly enough no one of them has yet staged a great celebration in His honor.

The Senate reservations don't really matter. Future generations will reserve the right to do their own interpreting, anyway.

The Primal Impulse.

Going home from the theater recently we stopped before a dazzling window that exhibited one of those supergowns.

Draped on a beautiful, almost breathing, wax figure the gown shimmered and scintillated; no man can hope to attempt its glories, it was a regular vampire gown, with black jet and deep rose shades, and giving plenty of room for the back and shoulders to have free swing.

After awhile we noticed that there was another breathless spectator. A tiny, misshapen woman, drawn back in the doorway shadows; slopped over shoes, ancient straw hat, wispy hair; something in the way of a dress, that served to make her more dull and drab.

But there was the old light of adoration in her eyes, and no grand dame ever felt more kinship to her robes of state than did the huddled bit of drabness in the shadows.

Personally we hold that Eve never wandered unclothed about the Garden of Eden. For as much as twenty minutes she may have invited sunburn, but by that time we bet she had found a chalk cliff, and powdered her nose. Ten minutes more would suffice to squeeze the vermilion from a blushing rose and incarnadine her lips.

If she didn't pencil her eyebrows inside of five minutes more we miss our guess.

And then she set to work making her a gown, and no miserly fig leaf sufficed, be sure of that.

Maybe her little story was that the serpent showed her how to dress up, as well as the delights of fresh cider, but the facts were that she was born with a well-defined mental image of a picture hat, and party gown, and gilt slippers, and no mere man ever had to develop her native sense of the desirability of modish gowns, and the latest in kid slippers, with white rhinestone buckles and a silver inlay on the bottom of the heel.

As well say the devil give the lily its good looks, or touched the shrinking cheek of the rose with his crimson bunch.

If there is organized propaganda to discourage intervention in Mexico, it would be a good idea to distribute the literature in that strip of territory fifty miles south of the Rio Grande.

The league principle that every people has the right to choose its form of government is a guarantee of freedom to every people that can win it in a fair fight.

Childhood.

Scientists who have lived among the Eskimo tribes have made remarkable discoveries.

The Eskimo is honest. Laws are few and justice is dealt out with an impartial hand by tribal leaders.

Children are never punished; they are never picked on and fussed with and pampered. Nature is given a full chance.

The Eskimo child does not grow up spoiled and wilful. He becomes a law-abiding member of the tribe, doing his share of the work, respectful of the rights of others.

American children cannot be reared in the primitive simplicity of the Arctic wilderness.

But American parents can learn from Eskimo parents: That children have personalities of their own; that interference is dangerous; that a good example, and unvarying kindness, educate more effectively than stern rules and much preaching.

Give your child a chance!

Truthful epitaph for the average man: "He was born; ate, slept, worked and died."

The much-talked-about "American standard of living" is in reality no more than an American standard of spending.

POLITICS

By The Occasional Prophet

Unselfish Tom Taggart.

The former Indiana senator and Democratic leader has been that during all his career in politics, business and private life. But now the application of "Unselfish Tom" is heard more frequently than ever before.

Despite the entreaties of his friends, he positively refuses to enter the race for the senatorship to succeed Senator James E. Watson, who defeated him two years ago. Taggart is for former Governor Samuel M. Ralston for the Democratic nomination for Senator. And when Taggart is for anyone he always spells the word "for" in capitals F-R-I-E-N-D.

Ralston is a big man mentally as well as physically. His speeches are masterpieces and are extensively used in national campaigns. Sam Blithe, the famous political writer, recently included Ralston's name in the list of Democratic Presidential possibilities. Ralston has been a leader in Indiana for many years. Although he has been called upon to serve his State and party in various capacities for a quarter of a century, he is as modest as a child. But it was not of Ralston I started to speak. It was of Tom Taggart and his unselfishness.

Taggart could have the Democratic nomination for Senator for the asking. There are mighty bright Republican politicians who admit that if Taggart would take the nomination he could be elected. The same Republicans are not quite as certain as they should be that Ralston cannot turn the trick. The fact is he can if the Democrats stick together.

Senator Watson just now is running for both Senator and President. Members of his party are a bit puzzled as to why Jim thinks the party owes him so much. They admit that he is big and brainy and the best orator in the Senate, but there are other Indiana Republicans who aspire to fame and position. Closing two avenues of prospective preference to them in the same year is not causing any too good feeling.

Taggart would have cleaned up on Watson in 1916 if it had not been a Presidential year. He allowed his campaign to be handled along the same lines as the Wilson campaign was run. He sacrificed all of his own ideas to those of the national committee. If it had not been a Presidential year, Taggart would have received thousands of Republican votes. Many Republicans who wanted to vote for Taggart feared to scratch their ticket in order to include his name. So they allowed Watson with Hughes.

There will be no opposition to Ralston for the Democratic nomination for Senator. Taggart will be behind him all the way. If Jim Watson finally decides the country does not demand him for the Presidency, he will be the Republican nominee for Senator. That means bitterness in the Republican ranks. For Governor Jim Goodrich, who has his eye on the Republican State machine from A to Z, has the Senatorial itch two inches under the skin. What may happen when Taggart is a candidate for Senator is quite likely to be like what happened to him when he ran for governor and was defeated by Thomas R. Marshall, now Vice President.

Back again to the point. Tom Taggart is demonstrating his unselfishness by sidestepping a nomination that would certainly mean his return to Washington. It may be that he is only waiting for the off-year election when he can play Senator Harry New.

THE PARAGRAPHERS' NEWS VIEWS.

What has become of the old-fashioned farm horse that used to shy at automobiles?—Watertown Times.

George Bernard Shaw says he is a B. S. What is that? B. S. wants.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

That strike of fountain pen makers is natural. No one can associate with the things without wanting to strike.—New York Evening Sun.

In the croaking chorus about the high cost of subsisting one complaint, gratifyingly, is absent. Nobody is kicking about the high cost of opera.—Chicago Tribune.

The sentimentalists believe we shall finally reach Utopia. As a matter of fact, we shall reach hell unless we change our ways.—E. W. Howe's Weekly.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.
 (Copyright, 1919, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TRUMPS.
 To lift you over life's hard bumps the DIAMONDS make useful trumps. And SPADES and CLUBS are good, they say.

To move those troublous bumps away; But best of all upon life's chart There is the trump can beat the HEART.

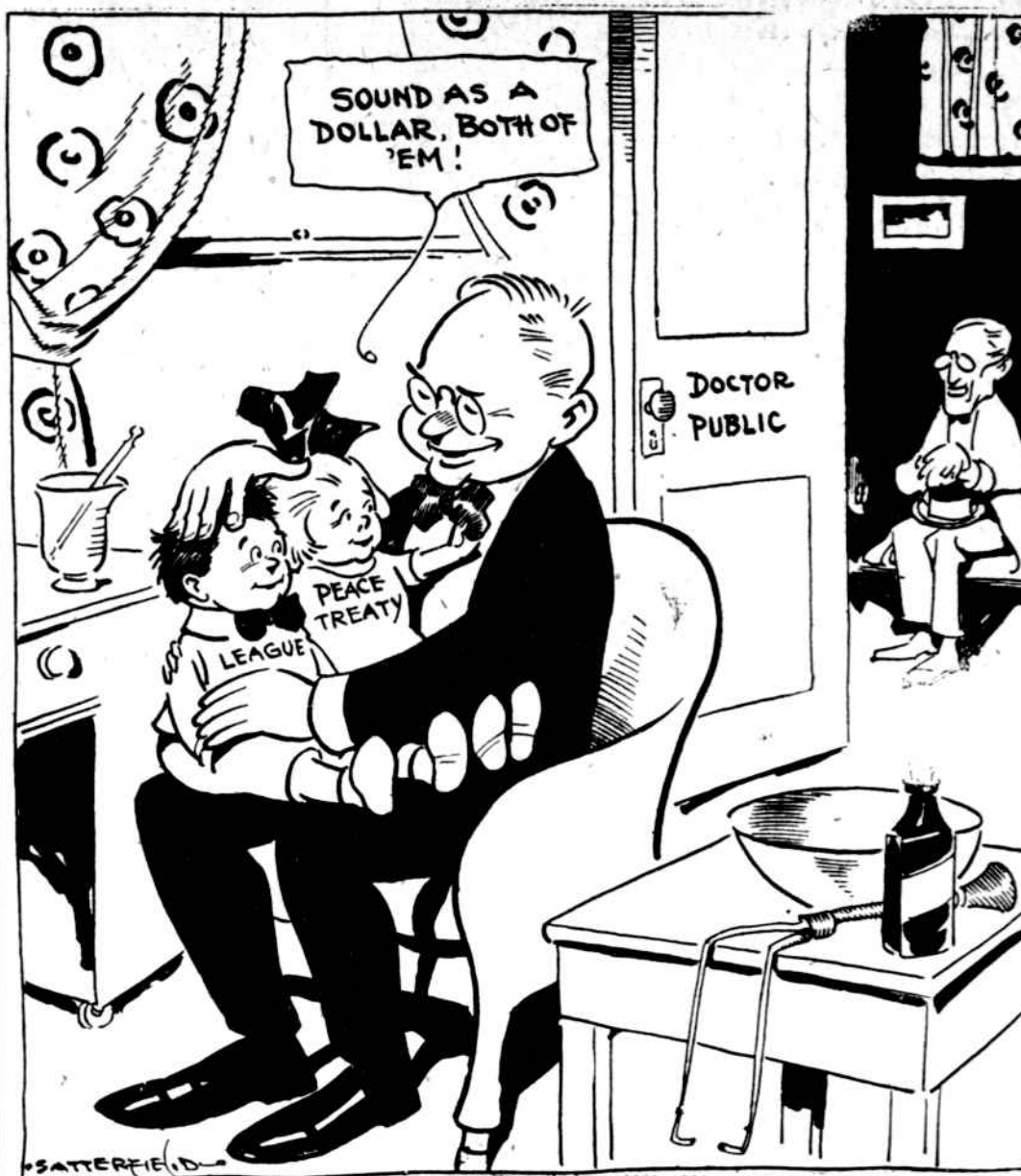
Since it betokens LOVE so fair You'd never guess the bumps were there.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

IT ONLY TAKES ONE TRIP TO MAKE A FALL



THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT



You can always trust Doctor Public Opinion, for he has to take his own medicine. He's physician and patient, too. He always is in earnest; always sincere, and always honest in his doubts and clear in his prescriptions.

Some of us may not agree with his diagnosis, or with his prescription, but all of us must confess that he is RIGHT, for he is the MAJORITY, and this is a land ruled by majority. This is a democracy; not a handful of Senators, nor a few discontented radical extremists can persuade the thoughtful American that it is wise to oppose Public Opinion. Opposition to Public Opinion cannot long last. It is futile. It is foolish. The era of minority rule belongs to the dark ages, to Russia—and, we sorrowfully confess, it seems to linger somewhat in the United States Senate.

Movie Stars Embark For Production Trip Overseas

Thirty of Them Sail for Italian Studios to Make Pictures for "Film-Mad Starvelings of Russia."

New York, Sept. 13.—The first boatload of movie stars—thirty, count 'em—to sail to Europe, leave the middle of the week to occupy the Italian studios and make moving pictures for the movie-mad starvelings of Russia. Everybody in Russia is going into the moving picture business. On a block near the Metropole Hotel in Petrograd there are fourteen moving picture theaters.

The rich, the poor and the middle-classes flock to the movies and many of them open at 8 o'clock in the morning to accommodate the crowds all day long. Pat Powers, the Universal chief, is sending the first boat load across, following the alliance of his company with the Garibaldi interests called the Roma-New York Pictures Corporation. There will no doubt be many zippy wireless stories of hand-to-hand battles with man-eating sharks with the marcelled hero saving the fair haired heroine in the middle of the Atlantic. However, the movie stars may now sneer a couple of sneers at their sisters on the legitimate stage, who always contend that the movie stars are slanted in committing to paper Port Lee and the theatrical boarding houses of the forties.

Speaking of the movies, "Checkers" is playing at a Broadway theater and as an advertisement they have some race horses added out in front. The way the crowds gather around to see them equals the lure of Roscoe, the snake eater, at the county fair.

Broadway is getting lively again, now that the strike is over. The first new production immortalizes Houston street, which vanished from staid old Broadway with the passing of "The Music Master." Now Houston street comes back.

Houston street is the nowhere referred to in "Up From Nowhere," the new American play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. All the critics like it save three. And you cannot please everybody. It is from a little cigar store in Houston street that Tarkington and Wilson's new hero, George Washington Silver, rose to fame and fortune.

Works by Wireless.
 And George Washington Silver is a splendid character. He is the new American. "I am part Portuguese," explains Silver, "part Dago, part Irish, part Swede. I'm a wop." He is the most refreshing character that ever swaggered across the boards. He is a cousin of pirates, more than half devil, yet wholly a gentleman and he knows the feminine heart and how to conquer it. Norman Trevor or Silver has made one of the hits of the year in the play.

The craze to kill distance—annihilate space—is becoming worse each day. Hark to A. M. Andrews, a Wall street broker, who has equipped his yacht with a wireless telephone, so he is now able to look after his business and still cruise around Long Island Sound at the same time. He calls up his office every hour, and on the Exchange is open, and gets the latest quotations. He gives instructions and rings off. He is the first Wall street man to do this. As yet he is unable to call his office at will on his radio-phone, as there is no wireless signal to ring a bell at the other end. He and his office manager have arranged to "listen in" on the hour from 10 to 3. Later on he hopes to have his radio-phone equipped with a wireless signal so as to be able to call his office at any time. Mr. Andrews, by the way, used to be a \$4 a week office boy before he began accumulating his millions—and he is reputed to have quite a few.

Has Faith in 275.
 Devotees of the Beaux Arts, the little bit of Paris tucked away oppo-

IT HAPPENED ON THE HILL

Secretary of War Baker yesterday ordered an immediate investigation of reports that Chicago wholesalers had obtained large quantities of army surplus food intended for private individuals.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association would be given power to employ a special stamp bearing its name for cancelling letters by a bill ordered favorably reported by the Senate Postoffice Committee yesterday.

Speedy enactment of legislation to open up vast water power sites on public lands will be urged as an aid to putting industry on an active peace basis, Chairman Jones, of Washington, of the Senate Commerce Committee, said yesterday.

"A large transport service so that the United States may never again be caught without ships," will be retained by the War Department, Chief of Staff March told the House Military Affairs Committee yesterday.

A subcommittee was appointed yesterday by the Senate Committee on Postoffices and Postroads to consider pending bills to increase salaries of postal employees. Senator Townsend is chairman.

Packers are pursuing a "short-sighted" policy in opposing enactment of the Keaven or Kendrick bills, Henry Wallace, editor of Wallace Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa, told the Senate Agriculture Committee yesterday.

Bullitt Violates Confidence.
 Editor Herald: Revelations of E. J. Bullitt doubtless are valuable in consideration of the peace treaty.

But no American, who loves fair play, will have any regard for a man who will deliberately violate a confidential conversation, as Bullitt admittedly did in telling Lansing's views of the treaty.

It casts doubt upon the remainder of his testimony, by showing what manner of man he is, and makes one suspect that perhaps the President was exceedingly wise to pay as little attention to Soviet proposals as Bullitt says he did.

FAIR PLAY.

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God made Adam a happy man, And the devil began to grieve; So he poked his policy into the plan And politely suggested—Eve!

God made love between Adam and Eve, Which the devil would fain disparage; So he gave the two but a short reprieve.

Until he suggested—marriage! God pondered long on the blessed deed; He could make to the married twain. God sent a baby. The devil made shift To bring it the birth-mark—Ca'n't! (Copyright, 1919.)

'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL

Had Irresistible Desire to Steal.

A remarkable case of kleptomania was developed in the police court. A young man who has always borne a good reputation was charged with stealing a watch from the pocket of a vest. The garment was hanging in the hallway of a dwelling in Northeast Washington through which the young man had occasion to pass almost every day. He was arrested and the watch was found at his home. When brought before Judge McMAHON he admitted having taken the article. In kindly tones the judge asked him why he took the watch.

"I don't know, sir," the prisoner replied. "I saw the watch hanging out of the pocket and an irresistible desire to take it came over me. I did not need a watch nor money, and I cannot explain what possessed me to steal it."

The kind-hearted judge, realizing that the young man was not of the dishonest or vicious class, declined to commit him to prison. He sent for Probation Officer HEANEY, who will look after the youth for a year while he is on probation. Judge McMahon evidently believes that in such cases reformation is better than conviction.

Wanted—Chief of Bug Scouts.

I have received from my good friend, JOHN T. DOYLE, secretary of the civil service commission, a notification that there is an opening in the Bureau of Entomology, Department of Agriculture, for "field superintendents in insect control," at from \$1,800 to \$2,400 per annum. It is stated that the duties of the appointees will be to direct large numbers of scouts and others in "burning, steaming or otherwise destroying vegetation which may be infested with the European corn-borer."

I am informed the "corn-borer" is a pernicious insect that is destroying great quantities of corn, and thus is an arch enemy to mankind as his work is adding elevation to the already altitudinous cost of corn and other good things to eat.

Abraham Lincoln Is His Patron Saint.

Col. O. H. OLDROYD, owner of the Lincoln collection at 516 Tenth street northwest, related to me how he became interested in the great Lincoln to such a degree that he made the collection of relics of the martyred President part of his life.

"I began my collection, now numbering thousands of exhibits, in 1866, when Lincoln was running for President. I had a news stand at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and among the articles that came to me was a political campaign pamphlet, 'The Life of Abe Lincoln.' I read and reread that little book and was intensely interested. In my youthful mind the then unexploited backwoods candidate measured up as the world colossus he afterwards became. The pamphlet is here in my collection. It is my exhibit No. 1 and is so precious to me that it cannot be purchased for any amount of money."

Mrs. D. H. KINCHELOE, wife of the Congressman from Kentucky, is much interested in Col. OLDROYD'S collection of Lincolnia, and on the occasion of his recent birthday reception to the Daughters of Veterans she filled several numbers on the program, reciting and singing.

"Snappy" Stories from the Bible.

Discussing the proposition of EDGAR V. MARSHALL to substitute moving picture sermons for "the spoken word" in churches, Archbishop JOSEPH J. HIGGS, 2300 Georgia avenue, said there is an unlimited number of "snappy" stories that may be gleaned from the Bible and converted into film picture sermons. "There is scarcely a page from Genesis to Revelation that does not convey a story and a moral," he said.

THE "LITTLES" OF LIFE

By THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE.

"Here a little and there a little."

The "littles" of life really make the whole of life what it is.

The tip of a bird's wing seems like a small thing, but clip it—and the bird flies no more.

The tip of a man's toe—cut it off, and he'll limp through life.

The tip of a man's tongue—deprive him of it, and he'll lie in his speech forever after.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, and shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man," said Solomon in Proverbs.

It may result in a missed train, a broken engagement, a bad record for punctuality.

It may end in carelessness and indifference, in laziness and in lack of character.

Poverty will come swiftly—"as one that traveleth."

And what will come "as an armed man," to be met by one who is already conquered by drowsiness.

Jesus commended the giving of a cup of cold water—not the spreading of a banquet; the contribution of the widow's mites—not the gifts of the rich.

In our relationship to others it's in the little ways that we help most, because it is here that we are needed most frequently by those who need the comforts of friendship and counsel.

"Let me live in a house by the side of you."

TAILOR

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